LAWBREAKERS SUSPENSE STORIES
GDC
LAW-BREAKERS
SUSPENSE STORIES
10¢
No 14
1D
BRICK BRADFORD
in this issue... FACE IN THE MIRROR • THE GREEN LIGHT
BLOOD WILL TELL • FLIGHT • FINGERPRINT REMOVAL

STOP SMOKING

TOBACCO COUGH—TOBACCO HEART—TOBACCO BREATH—TOBACCO NERVES... NEW, SAFE FORMULA HELPS YOU BREAK HABIT IN JUST 7 DAYS

•YOU CAN STOP

- Tobacco Nerves STOP
- Tobacco Breath STOP
- Tobacco Cough STOP
- Burning Mouth Due To Smoking STOP
- Hot Burning Tongue Due To Smoking STOP
- Poisonous Nicotine Due To Smoking STOP
- Tobacco expense

No matter how long you have been a victim of the expensive, unhealthful nicotine and smoke habit, this amazing scientific (easy to use) 7-day formula will help you to stop smoking—IN JUST SEVEN Days! Countless thousands who have broken the vicious Tobacco Habit now feel better, look better—actually feel healthier because they breath clean, cool fresh air into their lungs instead of the stultifying Tobacco tar, Nicotine, and Benzo Pyrene—all these irritants that come from cigarettes and cigars. You can't lose anything but the Tobacco Habit by trying this amazing, easy method—You Can Stop Smoking!

SEND NO MONEY

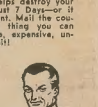
Aver. 1½-Pack per Day Smoker Spends $125.90 per Year

Let us prove to you that smoking is nothing more than a repulsive habit that sends unhealthful impurities into your mouth, throat and lungs . . . a habit that does you no good and may result in harmful physical reactions. Spend those tobacco $$$ on useful, healthgiving benefits for yourself and your loved ones. Send NO Money! Just mail the Coupon on our absolute Money-Back Guarantee that this 7-Day test will help banish your desire for tobacco—not for days or weeks, but FOREVER! Mail the coupon today.

HOW HARMFUL ARE CIGARETTES AND CIGARS?

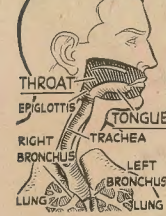
Numerous Medical Papers have been written about the evil, harmful effects of Tobacco Breath, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Lungs, Tobacco Mouth, Tobacco Nervousness . . . Now, here at last is the amazing easy-to-take scientific discovery that helps destroy your desire to smoke in just 7 Days—or it won't cost you one cent. Mail the coupon today—the only thing you can loose is the offensive, expensive, unhealthful smoking habit!

ATTENTION DOCTORS:



Doctor, we can help you, too! Many Doctors are unwilling victims to the repulsive Tobacco Habit. We make the guarantee to you, too, Doctor. (A Guarantee that most Doctors dare not make to their own patients) . . . If this sensational discovery does not banish your craving for tobacco forever . . . your money cheerfully refunded.

YOU WILL LOSE THE DESIRE TO SMOKE IN 7 DAYS . . . OR NO COST TO YOU



Here's What Happens When You Smoke . . .

The nicotine laden smoke you inhale becomes deposited on your throat and lungs . . . (The average Smoker does this 300 times a day!) Nicotine irritates the Mucous Membranes of the respiratory tract and Tobacco Tar injures those membranes. Stop Tobacco Cough, Tobacco Heart, Tobacco Breath . . . Banish smoking forever, or no cost to you. Mail the coupon now.

Don't be a slave to tobacco. . . . Enjoy your right to clean, healthful, natural living. Try this amazing discovery for just 7-Days. . . . Easy to take, pleasant, no after-taste. If you haven't broken the smoking habit forever . . . return empty carton in 10 Days for prompt refund. Mail the coupon now.

STOP SMOKING—MAIL COUPON NOW!

DOCTOR'S ORDERS PRODUCTS
7-Day Tobacco Curb—Dept. 61
1227 Loyola Ave.
Chicago 26, Illinois

SENT TO YOU IN PLAIN WRAPPER

On your 10-Day Money-Back Guarantee send me Doctor's Orders 7-Day Tobacco Curb. If not entirely satisfied I can return for prompt refund.

- ☐ Send 7-Day Supply, I will pay Postman $2.00 plus Postage and C.O.D. Charges.
- Save 45c on C.O.D. Money Order Fee and Postage by sending cash with Order. Same Money-Back Guarantee applies.
- ☐ Enclosed is $2.00 for 7-Day Supply, you pay postage costs.
- ☐ Enclosed is $4.00 for 2 boxes of the 7-Day Supply for myself and a loved one. You pay postage costs.

NAME_____
(Please Print)
ADDRESS_____
TOWN_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

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Alfred V. Fago, Editor. Printed in the U. S. A.

MAN OVERBOARD!

SO THAT'S WHY YOU SEEM TO WIN ALL THE POTS, FENWICK! YOU'VE HAD THE DECK STACKED AND WE'VE ALL BEEN BLIND TO IT!
I..I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, MR. STRYKER.
Dick Giordano

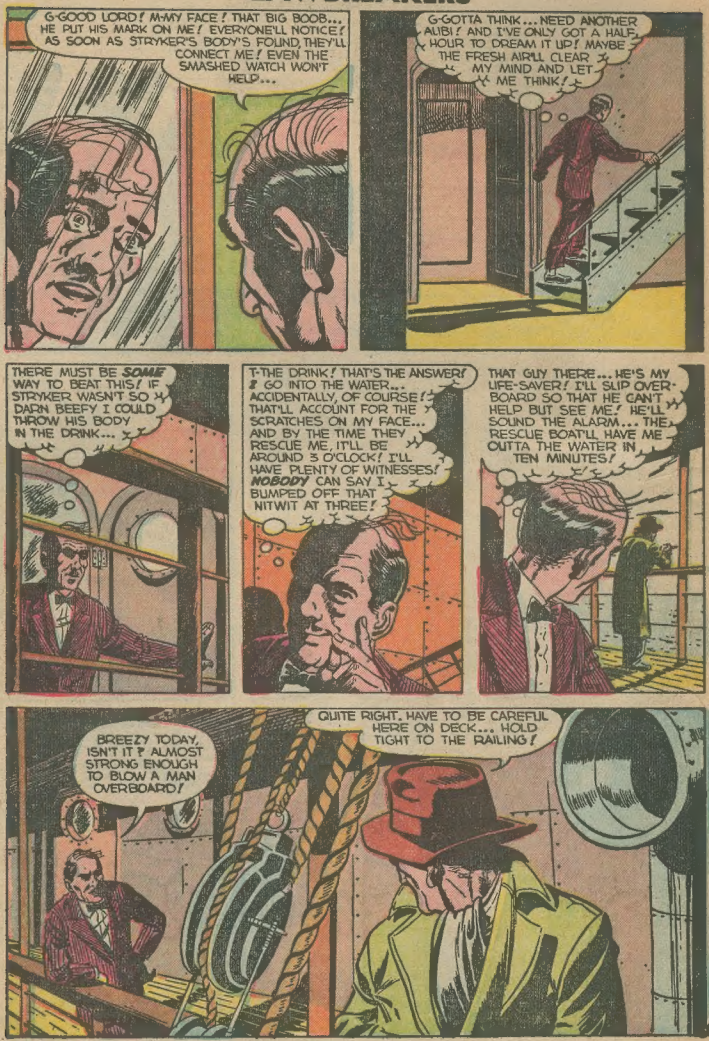
THEN I'LL HAVE TO DRUM IT INTO YOUR LOUSY BRAIN ... YOU RE A FILTHY CHISELER!
T-TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME BEFORE I CALL A STEWARD AND HAVE YOU...

I'LL SEE TO IT THAT YOU'RE NEVER SOLD TICKETS FOR ANY OF THE RECOGNIZED CRUISE BOATS, FROM NOW ON! AND I'M GOING TO DEMAND THAT THE CAPTAIN PUT YOU IN CHAINS...
GENTLEMEN ...PLEASE!
HONEST PEOPLE HAVE TO BE PROTECTED AGAINST PROFESSIONAL CARD SHARPS LIKE YOU. A STRETCH IN JAIL WILL STRAIGHTEN YOU OUT!
STEWARD.. I WANT HIM ARRESTED... FOR ASSAULT! THE ROOM IS FULL OF WITNESSES.
WHY FOR TWO CENTS...
PLEASE, GENTLEMEN! I SUGGEST YOU JUST FORGET THE WHOLE INCIDENT! IN THAT WAY, NO ONE WILL BE PUT TO ANY EMBARRASSMENT!
U.S.S. BERKSHIRE
NEXT TIME WE CROSS PATHS, FENWICK...YOU'D BETTER GET OUT OF SIGHT FAST! BECAUSE ONE OF US ISN'T GOING TO SURVIVE THAT MEETING!
MIGHTY OBLIGING OF HIM TO LEAN AGAINST ME TO SHOW WHAT A TERROR HE IS.. HA HA.. I'VE GOT THE BIG DOPE'S CABIN KEY! I'LL STRIP HIM, SO CLEAN THE CAPTAIN'LL HAVE TO LEND HIM A BARREL WHEN WE LAND!
NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT! I'LL JUST EASE INTO STRYKER'S CABIN AND LOOK AROUND...

HMM.. HE'S GOT EXPENSIVE TASTE! THIS'LL MAKE UP FOR THE DOUGH I'D HAVE TRIMMED HIM OUT OF AT THE CARD TABLE. AND THERE'S PLENTY OF TIME FOR ME TO GO THROUGH HIS STUFF...
HE'S PROBABLY TELLING EVERYONE WHAT A SMART COOKY ME IS! I'LL HAVE THIS PLACE STRIPPED BEFO... THE DOOR!
SOMEONE'S...
AS SOON AS I MISSED MY KEY I KNEW WHO TO SUSPECT! I WARNED YOU!
STRYKER! D-DON'T BE A FOOL!
YOU'LL GET THE ELECTRIC CHAIR IF YOU ..GASP!..
NOT IF I THROW YOUR BODY INTO THE OCEAN, YOU DIRTY LITTLE THIEF! INSIDE HALF AN HOUR THE SHARKS'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES!
THERE WON'T BE A TRACE OF YOU LEFT!
D-DON'T ..CHOKE.. PLEASE!
DIE, YOU CHISELER! THOUGHT YOU'D MAKE A KILLING, DIDN'T YOU? BUT YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S ON THE WRONG END OF A REAL KILLING!
CLICK

L-LET GO, YOU IDIOT! IF IT'S MURDER YOU WANT...
ARGHH!!
...SUPPOSE YOU PLAY THE PART OF VICTIM!
I..I'LL TAKE THAT KNIFE AND STICK IT INTO YOUR OWN DIRTY HIDE...
YOU'RE NOT PLAYING WITH AN AMATEUR, YOU JERK!
YEEAHHH!
SO LONG, SUCKER! YOU ASKED FOR IT... NOW I'LL GET OUT OF HERE!
W-WAIT! THIS FATHEAD SHOT HIS MOUTH OFF ABOUT WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF WE CROSSED PATHS AGAIN ...THEY'LL SUSPECT ME! I'LL NEED A GOOD ALIBI!
"H-HIS WATCH... I'LL MOVE THE HANDS AHEAD... TO THREE O'CLOCK! THAT'LL GIVE ME A HALF HOUR TO DREAM UP AN ALIBI!

THIS SLOB DIED AT 2:30... BUT WHOEVER FINDS HIM WILL THINK HE CROAKED AT THREE O'CLOCK!
A GOOD KICK AND THE WATCH'LL STOP RUNNING AND ESTABLISH THE TIME OF DEATH! THE LAW'S SURE TO FALL FOR IT!
UG-HM! I DON'T MIND TOUCHING A COLD DECK ...BUT A STIFF..UG-HM!
SOME NOSEY STEWARD MIGHT WALK IN BEFORE 3 O'CLOCK... THAT SIGN! PERFECT!
DO NOT DISTU
NOW TO GET BACK ON DECK AND HAVE SOME WITNESSES TO TESTIFY I WAS WITH THEM AT 3 O'CLOCK!
DO NOT DIST
I'LL STRAIGHTEN UP A BIT .. COMB MY HAIR. NO ONE'LL BE ABLE TO TELL I WASN'T TAKING A SNOOZE IN MY CABIN AND... HEY! THAT MIRROR...


G-GOOD LORD! M-MY FACE! THAT BIG BOOB... HE PUT HIS MARK ON ME! EVERYONE'LL NOTICE! AS SOON AS STRYKER'S BODY'S FOUND, THEY'LL CONNECT ME! EVEN THE SMASHED WATCH WON'T HELP...
G-GOTTA THINK... NEED ANOTHER ALIBI! AND I'VE ONLY GOT A HALF HOUR TO DREAM IT UP! MAYBE THE FRESH AIR'LL CLEAR MY MIND AND LET ME THINK!
THERE MUST BE *SOME* WAY TO BEAT THIS! IF STRYKER WASN'T SO DARN BEEFY I COULD THROW HIS BODY IN THE DRINK...
T-THE DRINK! THAT'S THE ANSWER! I GO INTO THE WATER... ACCIDENTALLY, OF COURSE! THAT'LL ACCOUNT FOR THE SCRATCHES ON MY FACE... AND BY THE TIME THEY RESCUE ME, IT'LL BE AROUND 3 O'CLOCK! I'LL HAVE PLENTY OF WITNESSES! *NOBODY* CAN SAY I BUMPED OFF THAT NITWIT AT THREE!
THAT GUY THERE... HE'S MY LIFE-SAVER! I'LL SLIP OVER-BOARD SO THAT HE CAN'T HELP BUT SEE ME! HE'LL SOUND THE ALARM... THE RESCUE BOAT'LL HAVE ME OUTTA THE WATER IN TEN MINUTES!
BREEZY TODAY, ISN'T IT? ALMOST STRONG ENOUGH TO BLOW A MAN OVERBOARD!
QUITE RIGHT. HAVE TO BE CAREFUL HERE ON DECK... HOLD TIGHT TO THE RAILING!

DOWN, DOWN INTO THE BLUE-GREEN DEPTHS HE PLUNGED! THEN, WHEN HE THOUGHT HIS EARS WOULD BURST, FENWICK SHOT TO THE SURFACE. THE BOAT WAS SOME DISTANCE AWAY..

FIVE MINUTES PASSED... TEN.. HALF AN HOUR, AND STILL THE HUGE SHIP MOVED STEADILY FORWARD. UP ON THE DECK FROM WHICH FENWICK HAD LEAPED...

THERE'S NO ONE HERE NOW, MR. SAWYER. WHOEVER IT WAS, HE MUST'VE FOUND THE WIND TOO STRONG AND RETURNED TO HIS CABIN.
I DON'T KNOW HOW I'D MANAGE WITHOUT YOU, STEWARD.

THE BOAT STEAMED STEADILY ON. HOUR AFTER HOUR, MILE AFTER MILE. AND FENWICK? PERHAPS STILL TREADING WATER IN THAT VAST EXPANSE, WAITING FOR RESCUE.. OR THE SHARKS...

THE END

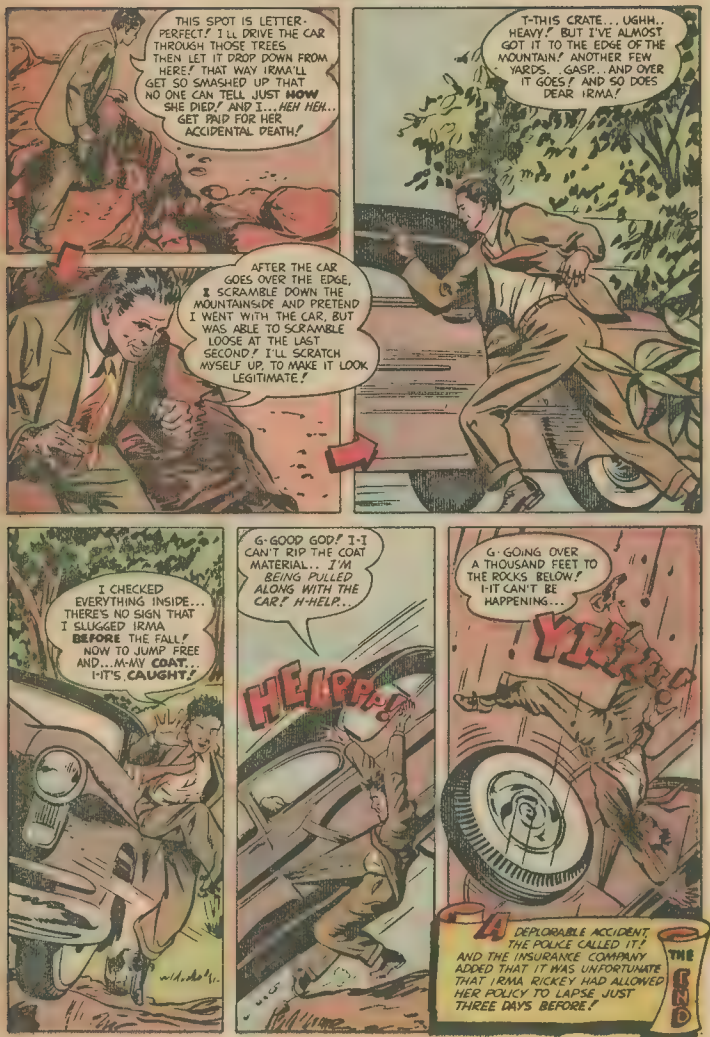
AL RICKEY'S PLAN TO MURDER HIS WIFE FOR THE INSURANCE MONEY SEEMED TO BE GOOD TO...

the LAST DROP

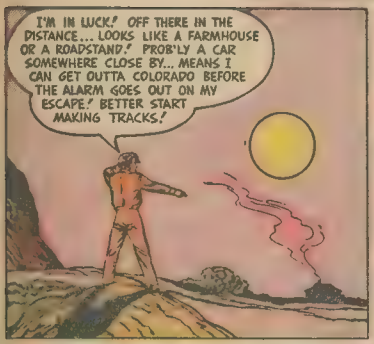
PULLING OFF THE ROAD WAY UP HERE ON MOUNTAIN DRIVE IS THE ANSWER TO MY PROBLEM! IRMA'S FALLEN FAST ASLEEP... A PERFECT TIME FOR ME TO GO TO WORK ON HER!

T-THERE!
THAT INSURANCE MONEY IS PRACTICALLY IN MY POCKET RIGHT NOW! ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DOPE OUT A WAY TO MAKE HER DEATH LOOK ACCIDENTAL... AND I GOT A WONDERFUL IDEA ON HOW TO DO IT!
CRASH!

NOBODY'LL THINK ANYTHING'S WRONG IN THE CAR. JUST LOOKS LIKE A DAME SNOOZING! I'LL BE SAFE WALKING TO THE EDGE OF THE MOUNTAIN AND FINDING THE SPOT WHERE I CAN PUSH THE CAR OVER! RIGHT HERE... THROUGH THESE TREES...

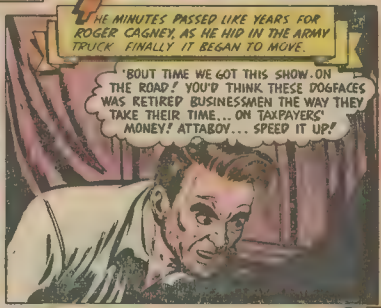

THIS SPOT IS LETTER-PERFECT! I'LL DRIVE THE CAR THROUGH THOSE TREES, THEN LET IT DROP DOWN FROM HERE! THAT WAY IRMA'LL GET SO SMASHED UP THAT NO ONE CAN TELL JUST HOW SHE DIED! AND I...HEH HEH... GET PAID FOR HER ACCIDENTAL DEATH!
T-THIS CRATE... UGHH.. HEAVY! BUT I'VE ALMOST GOT IT TO THE EDGE OF THE MOUNTAIN! ANOTHER FEW YARDS... GASP... AND OVER IT GOES! AND SO DOES DEAR IRMA!
AFTER THE CAR GOES OVER THE EDGE, I SCRAMBLE DOWN THE MOUNTAINSIDE AND PRETEND I WENT WITH THE CAR, BUT WAS ABLE TO SCRAMBLE LOOSE AT THE LAST SECOND! I'LL SCRATCH MYSELF UP, TO MAKE IT LOOK LEGITIMATE!
I CHECKED EVERYTHING INSIDE... THERE'S NO SIGN THAT I SLUGGED IRMA BEFORE THE FALL! NOW TO JUMP FREE AND...M-MY COAT... IT'S CAUGHT!
G-GOOD GOD! I-I CAN'T RIP THE COAT MATERIAL... I'M BEING PULLED ALONG WITH THE CAR! H-HELP..
HELPP!
G-GOING OVER A THOUSAND FEET TO THE ROCKS BELOW! I-IT CAN'T BE HAPPENING...
YIIPP!
A DEPLORABLE ACCIDENT, THE POLICE CALLED IT! AND THE INSURANCE COMPANY ADDED THAT IT WAS UNFORTUNATE THAT IRMA RICKEY HAD ALLOWED HER POLICY TO LAPSE JUST THREE DAYS BEFORE!
THE END

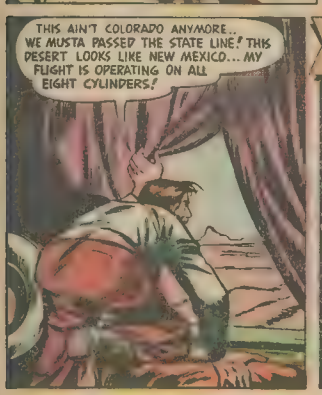
ROGER CAGNEY WAS A TOUGH MUG. A BAD CUSTOMER... A THREE-TIME LOSER. WITH A LIFE-SENTENCE STARING HIM IN THE FACE, HE GAMBLED EVERYTHING ON...
FLIGHT!
W-WHERE DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING, CAGNEY? SIT DOWN AND... ARGHHHH!
CRUNCH!!
NO PRISON IS GONNA GET ME, COPPER! I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES ON ESCAPE...
STAN ASH.
NICE OF THAT DUMB SHERIFF TO HAVE HIS KEYS HANDY SO'S I COULD GET RID OF THE CUFFS! HERE GOES...
SO LONG, SUCKER! MAYBE THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO BE SO COURTEOUS TO CRUMBS LIKE ME! HAH, HAH! AGE OF CHIVALRY SURE IS DEAD!


I'M IN LUCK! OFF THERE IN THE DISTANCE... LOOKS LIKE A FARMHOUSE OR A ROADSTAND! PROB'LY A CAR SOMEWHERE CLOSE BY... MEANS I CAN GET OUTTA COLORADO BEFORE THE ALARM GOES OUT ON MY ESCAPE! BETTER START MAKING TRACKS!

G.I. TRUCK... MAY BE CROSSING STATE LINES! EVEN IF IT DRIVES TO A MILITARY RESERVATION I CAN DUCK INTO THE CROWDS AND SORT OF DISAPPEAR!

IF ONLY THIS BABY GOES GOOD AND FAR, THE HEAT'LL BE OFF ME FOR A WHILE! IT'S WORTH GAMBLING ON FLIGHT... A THOUSAND TIMES BETTER'N THE FEDERAL PEN FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE! UP AND OVER...


THE MINUTES PASSED LIKE YEARS FOR ROGER CAGNEY, AS HE HID IN THE ARMY TRUCK. FINALLY IT BEGAN TO MOVE.
'BOUT TIME WE GOT THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD! YOU'D THINK THESE DOGFACES WAS RETIRED BUSINESSMEN THE WAY THEY TAKE THEIR TIME... ON TAXPAYERS' MONEY! ATTABOY... SPEED IT UP!


THIS AIN'T COLORADO ANYMORE... WE MUSTA PASSED THE STATE LINE! THIS DESERT LOOKS LIKE NEW MEXICO... MY FLIGHT IS OPERATING ON ALL EIGHT CYLINDERS!

SEVERAL HOURS PASSED, BUT ROGER CAGNEY HARDLY NOTICED THE SEVERE JOLTING OF THE TRUCK, SO DELIGHTED WAS HE WITH THE IDEA OF PUTTING MILES BETWEEN HIMSELF AND THE STATE OF COLORADO
AN ARMY BASE! A LITTLE MORE SWEATING OUT... AND I'M FREE!

CAN'T DECIDE WHETHER TO JUMP OFF HERE, OR STAY WITH THIS BUGGY AND SEE WHERE IT'S HEADED! I'M GETTING KINDA WOOZY AND... H-HEY! I-IT'S BACKING UP... WE MUST'VE ARRIVED!

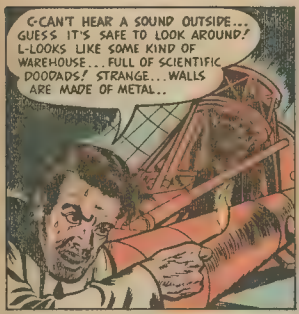
OKAY, SARGE... SHE'S BACKED IN FINE! C'MON, BOYS... LET'S START MOVING THIS EQUIPMENT! AND HANDLE IT GENTLY...WE GOT ORDERS TO USE KID GLOVES ON IT! I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU HOW IMPORTANT IT IS!

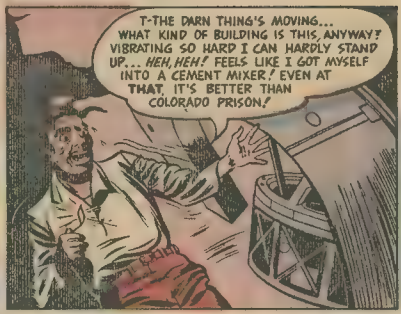
ONLY A FEW THINGS LEFT HERE... GOTTA MOVE FAST OR RISK BEING DISCOVERED! THIS BOX... BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD ME! GOTTA CRAM MYSELF IN... TAKE MY CHANCES!

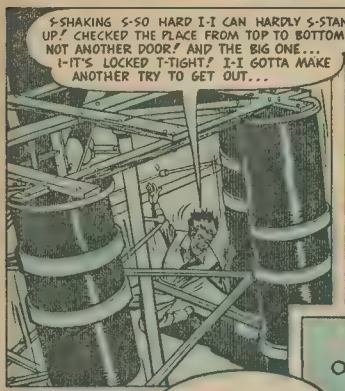
WOW! THIS BABY MUST BE LOADED WITH IRON!
QUIT YOUR KICKING... JUST A FEW MORE AND WE CLEAR OUTTA HERE! C'MON PUT SOME SHOULDER INTO IT...WE'RE ALMOST DONE FOR THE DAY! GET IT INSIDE!

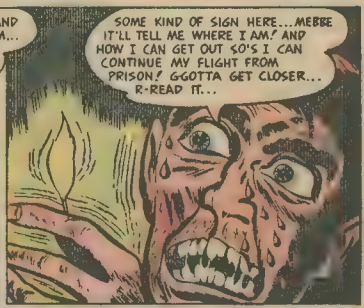
ALL RIGHT, BOYS... BUTTON 'ER UP! WE'VE GOT TEN MINUTES TO SCRAM, SO GET THE METAL OUTTA YOUR PANTS!
HEH, HEH! SAFE AND SOUND... AND UNDISCOVERED! I'LL WAIT A FEW MINUTES FOR THE SOLDIER-BOYS TO CLEAR OUT...THEN I'LL MAKE MY BREAK!

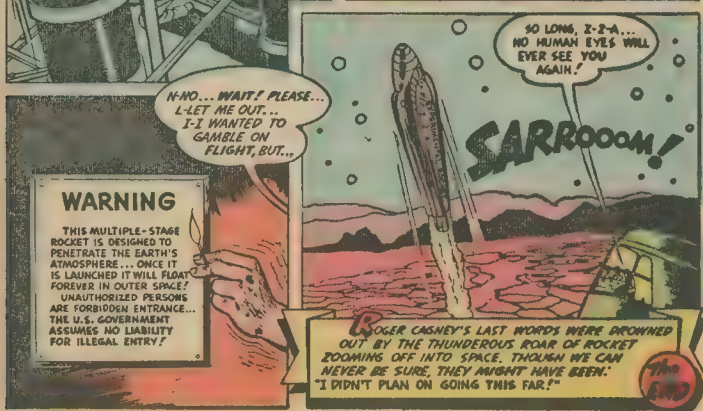
H-HEY! THE DOOR... I-I'M LOCKED IN HERE! AT LEAST I'M ALONE... GIVES ME A CHANCE TO LOOK THIS DUMP OVER! AND MAKE PLANS FOR THE REST OF MY FLIGHT!
SLAM


G-CAN'T HEAR A SOUND OUTSIDE... GUESS IT'S SAFE TO LOOK AROUND! L-LOOKS LIKE SOME KIND OF WAREHOUSE... FULL OF SCIENTIFIC DOODADS! STRANGE... WALLS ARE MADE OF METAL...


T-THE DARN THING'S MOVING... WHAT KIND OF BUILDING IS THIS, ANYWAY? VIBRATING SO HARD I CAN HARDLY STAND UP... HEH, HEH! FEELS LIKE I GOT MYSELF INTO A CEMENT MIXER! EVEN AT THAT, IT'S BETTER THAN COLORADO PRISON!


S-SHAKING S-SO HARD I-I CAN HARDLY S-STAND UP! CHECKED THE PLACE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM... NOT ANOTHER DOOR! AND THE BIG ONE... I-IT'S LOCKED T-TIGHT! I-I GOTTA MAKE ANOTHER TRY TO GET OUT...


SOME KIND OF SIGN HERE... MEBBE IT'LL TELL ME WHERE I AM! AND HOW I CAN GET OUT SO'S I CAN CONTINUE MY FLIGHT FROM PRISON! GGOTTA GET CLOSER... R-READ IT...


SO LONG, Z-2-A... NO HUMAN EYES WILL EVER SEE YOU AGAIN!
SARROOOM!
N-NO... WAIT! PLEASE... L-LET ME OUT... I-I WANTED TO GAMBLE ON FLIGHT, BUT...
WARNING
THIS MULTIPLE-STAGE ROCKET IS DESIGNED TO PENETRATE THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE... ONCE IT IS LAUNCHED IT WILL FLOAT FOREVER IN OUTER SPACE! UNAUTHORIZED PERSONS ARE FORBIDDEN ENTRANCE... THE U.S. GOVERNMENT ASSUMES NO LIABILITY FOR ILLEGAL ENTRY!
ROGER CASNEY'S LAST WORDS WERE DROWNED OUT BY THE THUNDEROUS ROAR OF ROCKET ZOOMING OFF INTO SPACE. THOUGH WE CAN NEVER BE SURE, THEY MIGHT HAVE BEEN: "I DIDN'T PLAN ON GOING THIS FAR!"
THE END

The Dead Police Chief

For the last time, Joe Bender gave orders to the members of his gang. They were all standing in the living room of the cottage he had rented at Seaside Heights. On the wall was a large map which showed all the roads leading into Hicksville.

"At six this evening, the armored truck will stop in front of the bank. Three guards will get out and each draws his revolver. One man sits at the wheel and he has a submachine gun at his side. Two men then will start to carry the sack with the half-million dollars into the bank. There will be no moon in the sky. We want no witnesses alive to testify against us. You will carry out your assignments with military precision. We meet back here for the split. The second car will be in the old graveyard."

Frank Marshal, one of the guards for the Mortimer Money Service, was in a happy mood. There was a big smile spread all over his face. He just couldn't help telling the good news to the rest of the guards.

"Yes sir, I am the happiest man in the world. Helen agreed to marry me. We are going to have a big church wedding. And I want all of you fellows there. Going to the mountains for our honeymoon."

The armored truck stopped in front of the Hexton Bank. Frank Marshal and the rest of the guards stepped to the curb. They had their revolvers drawn as two of their men started to enter the bank with the money sack. Suddenly a man turned around and began blazing away with a machine gun. Then a second man joined in with another machine gun. The guards never had a chance to fire. Burt Walsh, at the wheel of the armored car, went for his submachine gun but never had a chance to use it. A hand grenade was tossed at him and he died as the driver's seat was turned into a shambles. People shouted for help at the tops of their voices, but the car with the killers and their loot soon sped away. Jim Gurney was at the wheel.

"Not a hitch so far," he said as he drove south along county road 2-B. "Now I head for the cemetery and we get into the other car and change our clothing."

Twenty minutes later the sedan cut across a small gravel road that led to the old abandoned cemetery. A large suburban car was parked there. Quickly the men changed into different clothes and then got into the second car with Jim Gurney at the wheel again.

"Now if they should stop us and ask questions," said Joe Bender to his boys," we are all returning from a nice trip at Lorantian Lake. The caretaker there will swear we were out in two rowboats all afternoon. We are respectable citizens. But I don't think we will need any alibi. No person alive saw us. We rubbed them all out. Now to the cottage."

But from behind a tree peered a pair of bright blue eyes. An unkempt man with long hair and tattered clothing watched everything they did. His exceptionally keen ears took in every word. The tail lamp showed the numbers on the license plate and he noted them. When the car left the cemetery he walked slowly down the other road. Sam Newstedder was going to do his duty and notify the authorities.

"The sooner we divide the money, the better for me," said greedy Mike Durango as he looked at the open money sack on the table where the bills were piled up high. "I know just where I am going for the winter."

"We wait until my girl gets here," ordered Joe Bender. "Remember, she is the brains behind all of this. With her job in the county court house she was able to learn about that money truck. And she will be the first to learn in case anything goes wrong. Helen Darley is some gal. Take it from me."

Suddenly the telephone bell rang and you could see worry written all over the faces of the men in that room. Joe Bender hesitated for a minute. The bell still continued to ring. Then he answered it and did nothing but listen. When he replaced the receiver his face was deadly white.

"Anything go wrong?" asked Jim Gurney as the men all instinctively came closer to their leader.

"Helen just phoned me," said Joe Bender slowly as though he had to force each word pass his lips. "An old character who hangs around the graveyard phoned the county court house. Helen is at the switchboard. Said he had

the number of the get-away car. And a complete description of the men. Will wait at the entrance for the police to come. Helen said for one of us to go out and silence him. And in a hurry."

Jim Gurney stopped his car at the entrance to the old cemetery. The unkempt figure approached the car. Jim just lifted his machine gun and blazed away until the man was nothing but a sieve. Then he got into the car and drove away. He stopped at a gas station and called up county court house. All he said were these words.

"What had to be done has been done."

"Pick me up in fifteen minutes at Greeley Square," replied Helen.

Jim drove the car there and soon the two were on the way back to Seaside Heights.

"You certainly must be a clever dame to have planned all this," complimented Jim. "Too bad you are Joe's girl."

"That state of affairs can easily be changed," suggested Helen. "You have that submachine gun at your side. If you kill Joe and the rest of the boys then it will only be a two-way split. I know a nice little place in South America where both of us can go and live like millionaires for the rest of our lives. What do you say?"

"Got to hand it to you," replied Joe. "Sure, I'll fall for that line. But don't think I am a fool. It is going to be a two-way split and you won't get rid of me."

Joe greeted his girl with a big kiss when she entered the room. Then she suddenly stopped and spoke.

"I forgot something in the car. Bought a present for you, Joe. Wait here a minute."

She left the room and that was the signal for Jim. He just levelled the submachine gun and sprayed deadly lead at Joe and the others. When it was all over there were only corpses on the floor. Helen returned and placed a flower on Joe's body.

"A bit of respect for him isn't exactly out of place."

That sarcastic humor didn't make a hit with Jim. He pointed to the piles of money on the table.

"Scoop it up and we'll get going in the car."

Helen was at the wheel of the car and Jim kept his submachine gun handy. He was thinking to himself.

"She is probably figuring out how to kill me. I think I'll do it before she gets me. Got enough bullets left to finish her off quickly and neatly."

They were nearing the cemetery and Jim had quickly figured out that here would be the best spot to kill Helen.

"Stop the car," he ordered.

She immediately applied the brakes and the car came to a halt on the side of the road.

"Look," she shouted at the top of her voice, "I think I see a greenish light."

Instinctively Jim turned his head around. In that split second, Helen went into action. In her right hand there was a push button knife and she plunged the blade right into his side and aimed for his heart.

"You dirty . . ." was all that he said before he died.

Helen opened the door and dumped his body into the road. Now all the money would be hers. She would hide it and return to her job. Then during the summer she would take a trip to South America. She would send back a letter to say a better job had been offered to her. Later she would return to America and say she had married a wealthy man. She started the motor and was going about forty miles an hour when an object appeared in front of her. She drove to the side and the object was still there. It seemed to her that somebody was pushing her car off the road. It went out of control and turned over. Then it burst into flame. She struggled to get out but the door was wedged tightly. She screamed as the flames began to reach her. But no human ears heard her. A peculiar figure of a man, something with many holes in it, stood at the side of the car. The figure walked a short distance and then fell down.

"I think I can almost figure out what happened," said Police Chief Hiram Benson. "There was a lot of double-crossing. This fellow known as Jim Gurney killed all the men in the mob. But he also killed Sam Newstedder. Then the girl killed Jim Gurney. From the blood stains we know just where Sam Newstedder was killed. It would look as though he walked—while dying or dead—up the road. Then he pushed the car over and took out the money so it wouldn't burn. He killed the girl."

"Wait a minute," protested Frank Pearson, reporter on the STAR-SENTINEL. "You are almost saying that Sam Newstedder came back from the dead to see justice done."

"Form your own conclusion," replied the Police Chief, "But there is something you should know. Old Sam was Police Chief when I was but a kid. And he always said he would come back from the dead if he had to — in order to punish a criminal."

The End

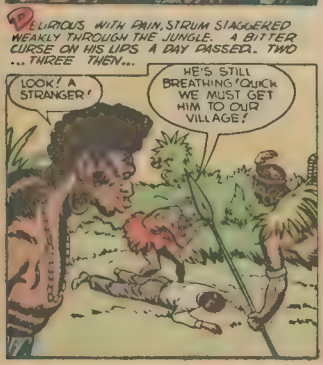
FOR MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS, SINCE THE DEATH OF THE LAST TRIBAL WORSHIPPER, THE LOCATION OF THE SACRED TEMPLE OF KRAGGU-MONDA WAS UNKNOWN. THEN TWO JUNGLE ADVENTURERS STUMBLED INTO THE LONG-LOST CRYPT, AND FOUND...
The GREEN LIGHT
TEN YEARS OF SEARCHING, AND WE'VE FINALLY LOCATED IT! THAT GREEN STONE MUST BE WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS!
BETTER LOOK AT IT WHILE YOU HAVE A CHANCE, STRUM... 'CAUSE YOU'LL NEVER SEE IT AGAIN!
LET ME SEE IT HARDIN! IF LEGEND IS CORRECT, THE LEFT EYE OF THE IDOL OF KRAGGU MONDA IS THE MOST PRICELESS GEM IN EXISTENCE!
RELAX, STRUM! THE STONE'S SUPPOSED TO BE OVER A THOUSAND YEARS OLD... IT'LL LAST A FEW MORE MINUTES
..LONG ENOUGH TO PUT YOU OUT OF THE WAY!
H-HARDIN.. Y-YOU'VE GONE MAD! W-WE'RE PARTNERS..

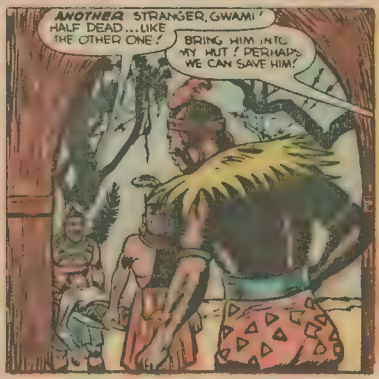
WERE PARTNERS, JERK! THE DEAL'S DISSOLVED.. AS OF NOW! HEE HEE!
H-HELP ME.

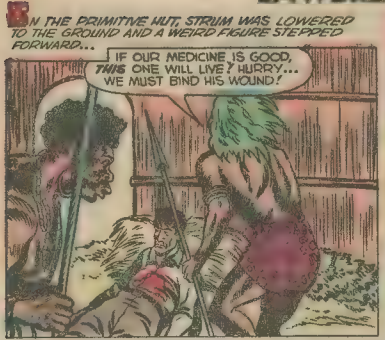
SO LONG, KRAGGU MONDA! AND THANKS FOR YOUR LEFT EYE! BE SEEING YOU... HA HA HO!

OH, HE MUST? GRUMP! THE HOURS PASS.. A TIME OF SHUDDERING AGONY FOR DICK STRUM...
G-GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE...GET MYSELF PATCHED UP! I-LOST A LOT OF BLOOD.. CAN HARDLY STAND UP..

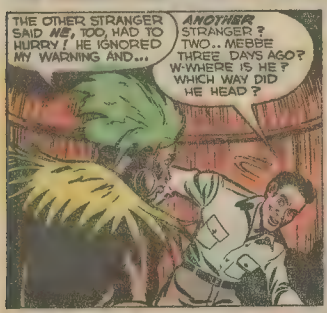
IF IT'S THE LAST THING I EVER DO .. I'LL GET THAT LOUSY HARDIN! I-THAT GREEN STONE IT'LL BE MINE!

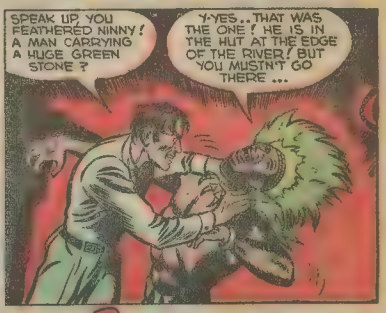

DELIRIOUS WITH PAIN, STRUM STAGGERED WEAKLY THROUGH THE JUNGLE. A BITTER CURSE ON HIS LIPS A DAY PASSED.. TWO ...THREE THEN...
LOOK! A STRANGER!
HE'S STILL BREATHING! QUICK WE MUST GET HIM TO OUR VILLAGE!

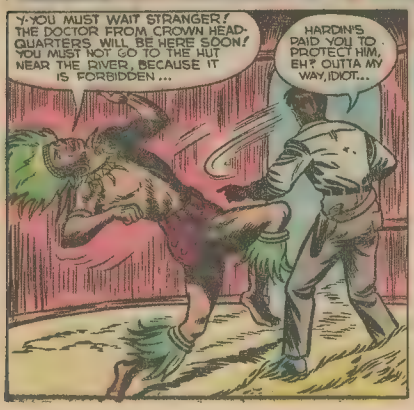

ANOTHER STRANGER, GWAMI! HALF DEAD...LIKE THE OTHER ONE!
BRING HIM INTO MY HUT! PERHAPS WE CAN SAVE HIM!


IN THE PRIMITIVE HUT, STRUM WAS LOWERED TO THE GROUND AND A WEIRD FIGURE STEPPED FORWARD...
IF OUR MEDICINE IS GOOD, THIS ONE WILL LIVE? HURRY... WE MUST BIND HIS WOUND!

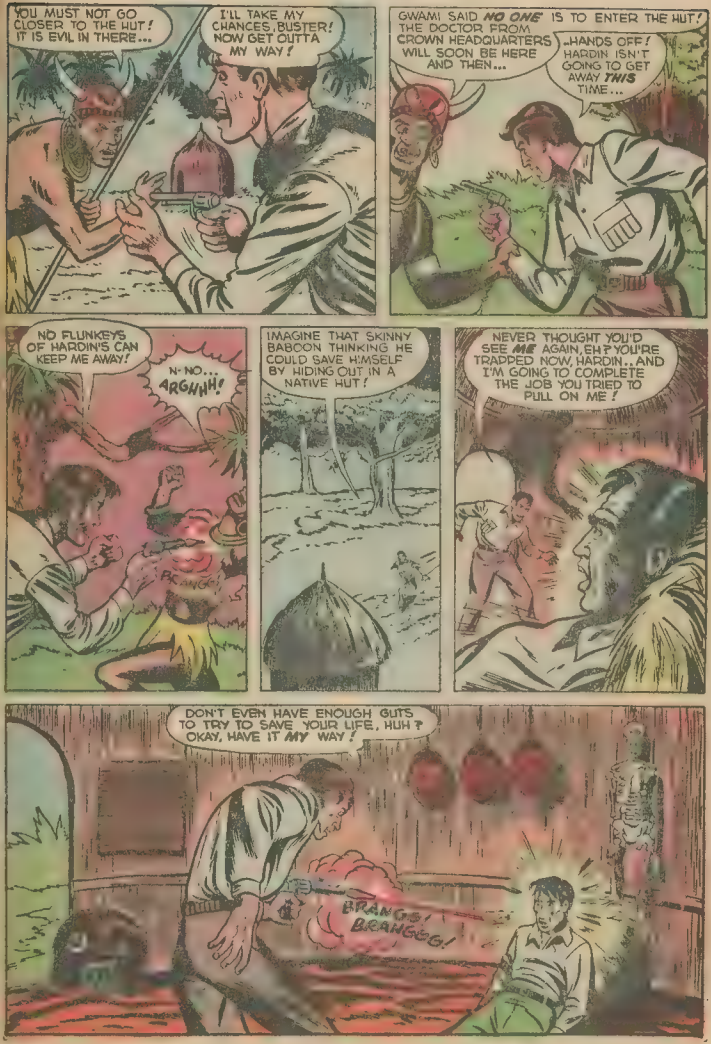
WITHIN HOURS, STRUM RECOVERED MIRACULOUSLY. BY NIGHTFALL HE WAS ABLE TO STAND...
Y-YOU MUST NOT MOVE, STRANGER! YOUR WOUND HAS HARDLY HEALED AND...
GOT BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO, MISTER! NO TIME TO SIT AROUND THIS HOVEL!


THE OTHER STRANGER SAID ME, TOO, HAD TO HURRY! HE IGNORED MY WARNING AND...
ANOTHER STRANGER? TWO.. MEBBE THREE DAYS AGO? W-WHERE IS HE? WHICH WAY DID HE HEAD?


SPEAK UP YOU FEATHERED NINNY! A MAN CARRYING A HUGE GREEN STONE?
Y-YES.. THAT WAS THE ONE! HE IS IN THE HUT AT THE EDGE OF THE RIVER! BUT YOU MUSTN'T GO THERE...

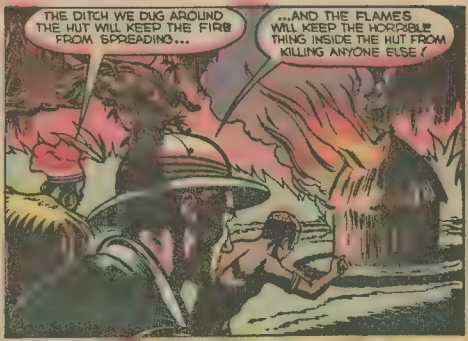

Y-YOU MUST WAIT STRANGER! THE DOCTOR FROM CROWN HEADQUARTERS WILL BE HERE SOON! YOU MUST NOT GO TO THE HUT NEAR THE RIVER, BECAUSE IT IS FORBIDDEN...
HARDIN'S PAID YOU TO PROTECT HIM, EH? OUTTA MY WAY, IDIOT...

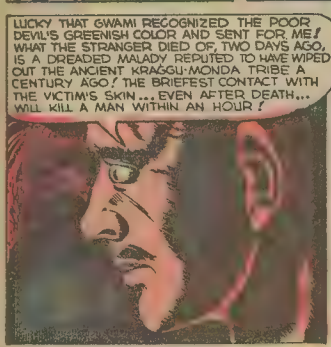
RUSHING FROM THE VILLAGE, STRUM MADE HIS WAY FEVERISHLY TOWARD THE RIVER..TOWARD...
T-THE HUT! HE'S IN THERE ...HARDIN AND MY GREEN GEM!
STOP, STRANGER!

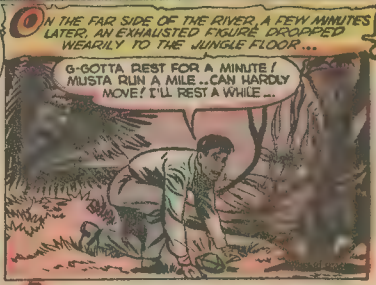

YOU MUST NOT GO CLOSER TO THE HUT! IT IS EVIL IN THERE...
I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES, BUSTER! NOW GET OUTTA MY WAY!
GWAM! SAID NO ONE IS TO ENTER THE HUT! THE DOCTOR FROM CROWN HEADQUARTERS WILL SOON BE HERE AND THEN...
..HANDS OFF! HARDIN ISN'T GOING TO GET AWAY THIS TIME...
NO FLUNKEYS OF HARDIN'S CAN KEEP ME AWAY!
N-NO... ARGHHH!
PK-ANG!
IMAGINE THAT SKINNY BABOON THINKING HE COULD SAVE HIMSELF BY HIDING OUT IN A NATIVE HUT!
NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D SEE ME AGAIN, EH? YOU'RE TRAPPED NOW, HARDIN.. AND I'M GOING TO COMPLETE THE JOB YOU TRIED TO PULL ON ME!
DON'T EVEN HAVE ENOUGH GUTS TO TRY TO SAVE YOUR LIFE, HUH? OKAY, HAVE IT MY WAY!
BRANGG! BRAHGGG!

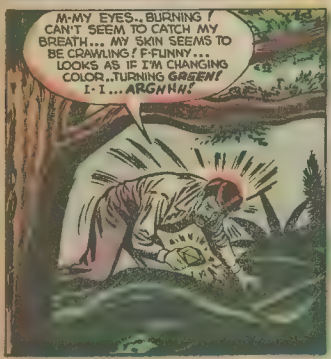
NOT EVEN A YID OUTTA YOU, EH? KNEW YOU HAD IT COMING TO YOU.. AND YOU WERE WAITING! WAITING WITH THAT GREEN ROCK SHINING IN YOUR DIRTY MITT?

RACING AWAY FROM THE HUT, STRUM'S WILD LAUGH ECHOED EERILY THROUGH THE JUNGLE. FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER THREE MEN APPEARED IN THE CLEARING...


THE DITCH WE DUG AROUND THE HUT WILL KEEP THE FIRE FROM SPREADING...
...AND THE FLAMES WILL KEEP THE HORRIBLE THING INSIDE THE HUT FROM KILLING ANYONE ELSE!

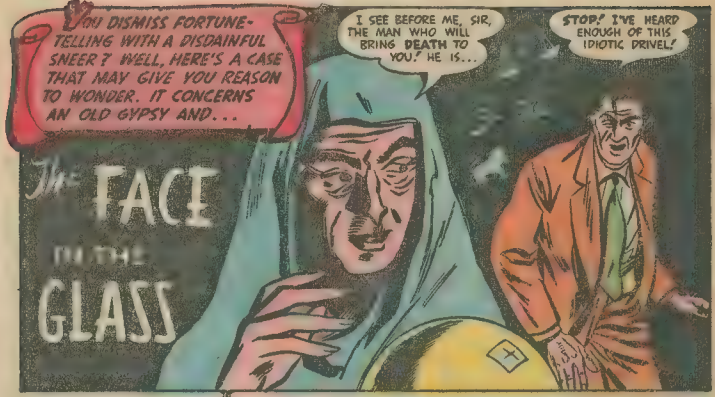

LUCKY THAT GWAMI RECOGNIZED THE POOR DEVIL'S GREENISH COLOR AND SENT FOR ME! WHAT THE STRANGER DIED OF, TWO DAYS AGO, IS A DREADED MALADY REPUTED TO HAVE WIPED OUT THE ANCIENT KRAGGU-MONDA TRIBE A CENTURY AGO! THE BRIEFEST CONTACT WITH THE VICTIM'S SKIN... EVEN AFTER DEATH... WILL KILL A MAN WITHIN AN HOUR!

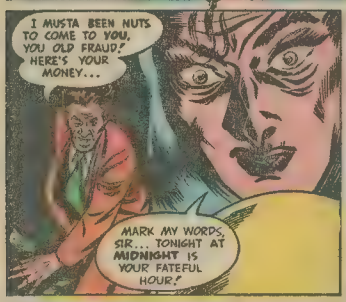

ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE RIVER, A FEW MINUTES LATER, AN EXHAUSTED FIGURE DROPPED WEARILY TO THE JUNGLE FLOOR...
G-GOTTA REST FOR A MINUTE! MUSTA RUN A MILE..CAN HARDLY MOVE! I'LL REST A WHILE...


M-MY EYES.. BURNING! CAN'T SEEM TO CATCH MY BREATH... MY SKIN SEEMS TO BE CRAWLING! F-FUNNY... LOOKS AS IF I'M CHANGING COLOR..TURNING GREEN! I-I... ARGHHH!

AT PRECISELY THE MOMENT THAT PICK STRUM DIED, THE HIDEOUS STATUE OF KRAGGU-MONDA UNDERWENT A STARTLING CHANGE...

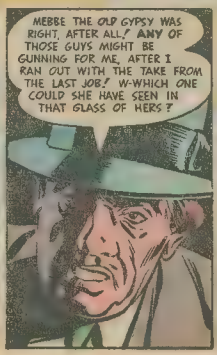
...FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE THE GREEN STONE HAD BEEN WRENCHED FROM THE ANCIENT IDOL, A GHASTLY LIGHT GLOWED AGAIN IN THE EMPTY EYE-SOCKET!


YOU DISMISS FORTUNE-TELLING WITH A DISDAINFUL SNEER? WELL, HERE'S A CASE THAT MAY GIVE YOU REASON TO WONDER. IT CONCERNS AN OLD GYPSY AND...
The FACE IN THE GLASS
I SEE BEFORE ME, SIR, THE MAN WHO WILL BRING DEATH TO YOU! HE IS...
STOP! I'VE HEARD ENOUGH OF THIS IDIOTIC DRIVEL!


I MUSTA BEEN NUTS TO COME TO YOU, YOU OLD FRAUD! HERE'S YOUR MONEY...
MARK MY WORDS, SIR... TONIGHT AT MIDNIGHT IS YOUR FATEFUL HOUR!

I OUGHTA HAVE MY HEAD EXAMINED FOR LISTENING TO THAT OLD FAKE. AND YET... SHE DID KNOW I WAS BEING HUNTED...

M-MEBBE I SHOULD BE EXTRA CAREFUL TONIGHT. [illegible] MAY HAVE TRACKED ME HERE TO TOWN... OR BENDER MIGHT BE OUT TO GET ME... OR MERRILL...


MEBBE THE OLD GYPSY WAS RIGHT, AFTER ALL! ANY OF THOSE GUYS MIGHT BE GUNNING FOR ME, AFTER I RAN OUT WITH THE TAKE FROM THE LAST JOB! W-WHICH ONE COULD SHE HAVE SEEN IN THAT GLASS OF HERS?

WE HAVE A FINE ROOM FOR YOU MR...ER.. SMITH I'M SURE YOU'LL LIKE .
NEVER MIND THE BLATHER! JUST GIMME THE KEY...I'M DEAD TIRED AND I WANNA BE IN BED BEFORE MIDNIGHT!

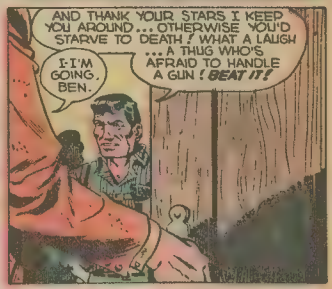
WINDOWS SHUT TIGHT... SO IS THE DOOR! NO ONE'S GONNA CREEP UP ON ME AT MIDNIGHT! I'LL JUST TURN OUT THE LIGHTS... AND WAIT!
SNUG AS A BUG IN A... W-WHAT'S THAT? O-ONLY A CAR'S HEADLIGHTS PULLING INTO THE ALLEY ALONGSIDE THIS CRUMMY FLEABAG..
G-GOTTA CALM DOWN...TAKE IT EASY! JUST WAIT FOR LARSON... OR BENDER... OR MERRILL... OR WHOEVER ELSE THAT WITCH MAY HAVE SEEN IN THAT CRYSTAL BALL OF HERS!
T-THAT MUST BE A CLOCK STRIKING MIDNIGHT! I'M PREPARED... I-I'M READY... LET 'EM COME FOR ME!
BONG
BONG
T-THOSE LIGHTS... BLINDING ME! T-THERE'S SOMEONE IN THE ROOM... I-I CAN FEEL IT! BUT... HEE HEE... I'M READY FOR 'EM!
NICE RECEPTION I PLANNED FOR YOU, BUT IT DIDN'T TURN OUT AS I EXPECTED YOU... HEE HEE HEE
BANG BANG
WHEN, AT A FEW MINUTES AFTER MIDNIGHT...
HMM. HEART ATTACK. HE MUST HAVE DIED OF FRIGHT WITHIN THE PAST FEW MINUTES! PROBABLY SOMETHING HE SAW IN THE GLASS OR THOUGHT HE SAW...
THE END

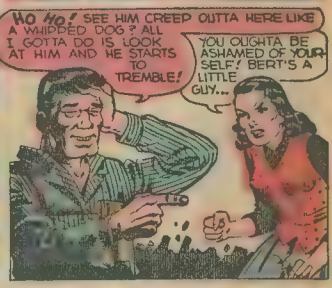
LAWBREAKERS

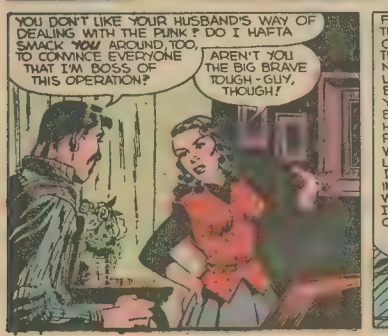
BIG BEN COLLINS WAS A STRONG-ARM GANGSTER WHO KEPT HIS WIFE AND LIEUTENANT IN LINE BY BULLYING THEM. BUT WHAT THEY PLOTTED FOR HIM WAS A...

SURPRISE ENDING

GET OUTTA HERE, WEASEL-FACE! I'M THE BOSS 'CAUSE I'VE GOT THE BRAINS AND GUTS! THE DOUGH'LL BE DIVVYED WHEN I GET GOOD AND READY! NOW, SCRAM!
OWWW!
DICK GIORDANO

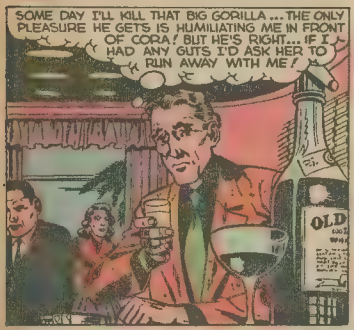

AND THANK YOUR STARS I KEEP YOU AROUND... OTHERWISE YOU'D STARVE TO DEATH! WHAT A LAUGH... A THUG WHO'S AFRAID TO HANDLE A GUN! BEAT IT!
I-I'M GOING, BEN.


HO HO! SEE HIM CREEP OUTTA HERE LIKE A WHIPPED DOG? ALL I GOTTA DO IS LOOK AT HIM AND HE STARTS TO TREMBLE!
YOU OUGHTA BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF! BERT'S A LITTLE GUY...


YOU DON'T LIKE YOUR HUSBAND'S WAY OF DEALING WITH THE PUNK? DO I HAFTA SMACK YOU AROUND, TOO, TO CONVINCE EVERYONE THAT I'M BOSS OF THIS OPERATION?
AREN'T YOU THE BIG BRAVE TOUGH-GUY, THOUGH!

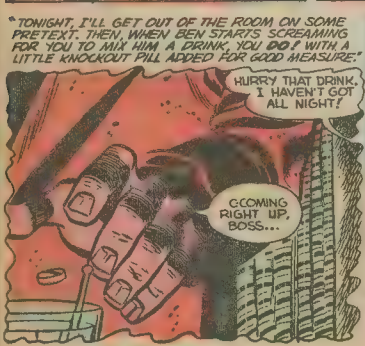
FOR TWO CENTS I'D THROW BOTH OF YOU OUT TOGETHER! IF YOU THINK I HAVEN'T NOTICED THOSE LOOKS YOU AND BERT EXCHANGE, YOU'RE CRAZY! BUT I DON'T CARE HOW MUCH YOU PLAY FOOTSIE WITH HIM, SO LONG AS IT DOESN'T INTERFERE WITH THE JOBS I PLAN! GET OUT... GO VISIT YOUR BOY-FRIEND!

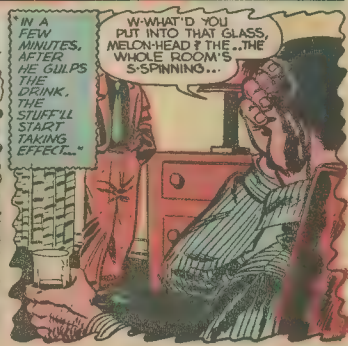
MINUTES LATER, IN THE HOTEL BAR...

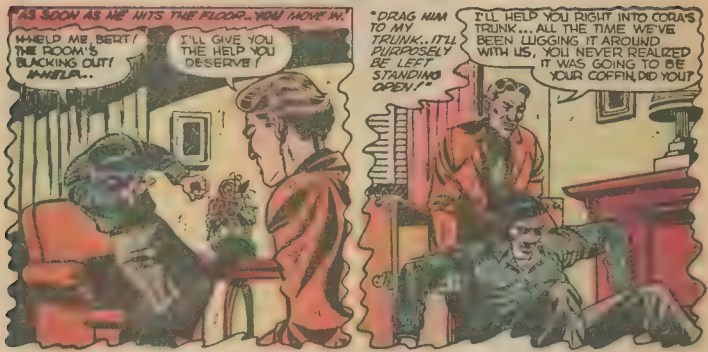

SOME DAY I'LL KILL THAT BIG GORILLA ... THE ONLY PLEASURE HE GETS IS HUMILIATING ME IN FRONT OF CORA! BUT HE'S RIGHT... IF I HAD ANY GUTS I'D ASK HER TO RUN AWAY WITH ME!
OLD

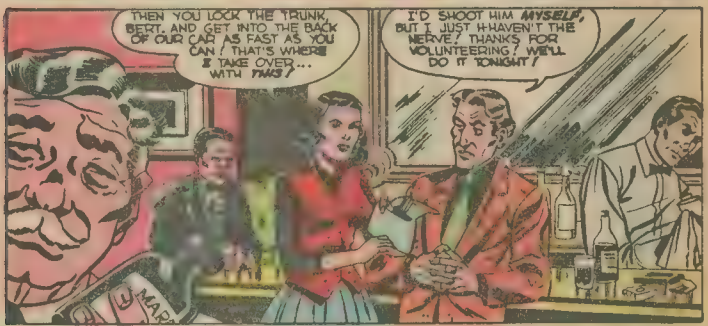
C-CORA... WHAT'RE YOU DOING HERE? YOU KNOW WHAT'LL HAPPEN IF BEN FINDS OUT ABOUT US!
HE KNOWS ALREADY, BERT! I CAN'T STAND HIM ANYMORE... THE WAY HE PUSHES US AROUND IS SINFUL! AND WORSE THAN THAT...

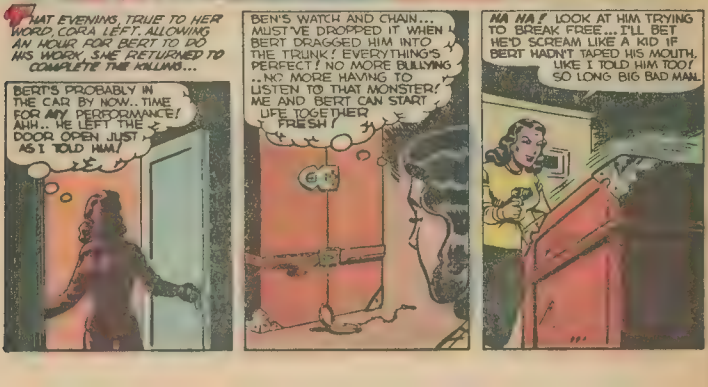
...I DON'T THINK HE EVER PLANS TO SPLIT THAT BANK ROBBERY DOUGH WITH US! BUT I'VE GOT A PLAN...TO GET THAT MONEY AND GET RID OF BEN AT THE SAME TIME! SORT OF A SURPRISE FOR HIM!


"TONIGHT, I'LL GET OUT OF THE ROOM ON SOME PRETEXT. THEN, WHEN BEN STARTS SCREAMING FOR YOU TO MIX HIM A DRINK, YOU DO! WITH A LITTLE KNOCKOUT PILL ADDED FOR GOOD MEASURE."
HURRY THAT DRINK, I HAVEN'T GOT ALL NIGHT!
C-COMING RIGHT UP, BOSS...

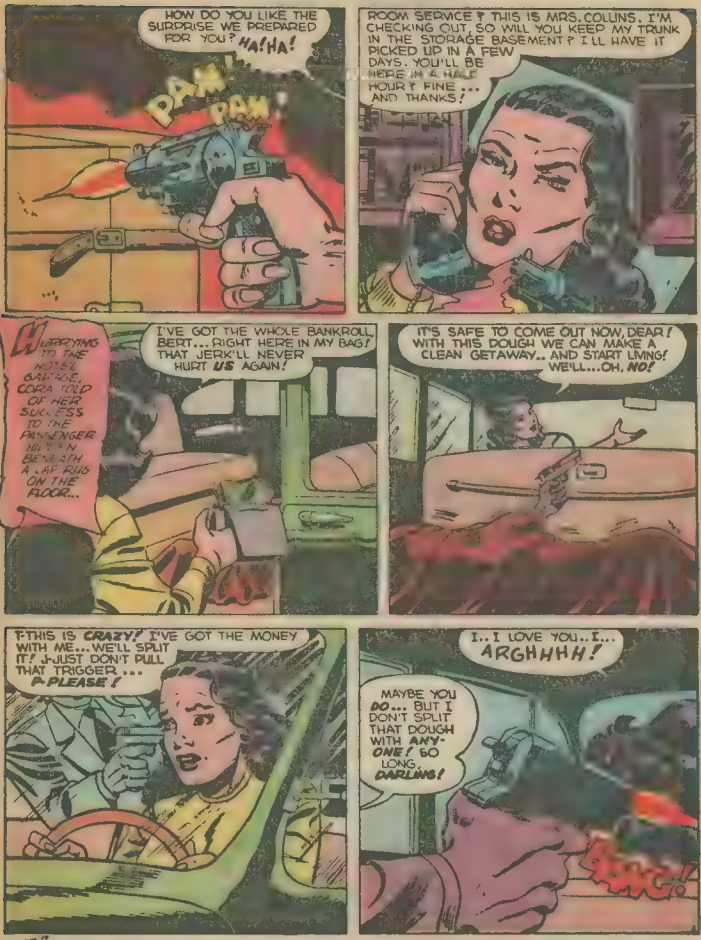

"IN A FEW MINUTES, AFTER HE GULPS THE DRINK, THE STUFF'LL START TAKING EFFECT..."
W-WHAT'D YOU PUT INTO THAT GLASS, MELON-HEAD? THE...THE WHOLE ROOM'S S-SPINNING...


"AS SOON AS ME HITS THE FLOOR...YOU MOVE IN."
H-HELP ME, BERT! THE ROOM'S BLACKING OUT! AHHELP...
I'LL GIVE YOU THE HELP YOU DESERVE!
"DRAG HIM TO MY TRUNK...IT'LL PURPOSELY BE LEFT STANDING OPEN!"
I'LL HELP YOU RIGHT INTO CORA'S TRUNK... ALL THE TIME WE'VE BEEN LUGGING IT AROUND WITH US, YOU NEVER REALIZED IT WAS GOING TO BE YOUR COFFIN, DID YOU?


THEN YOU LOCK THE TRUNK, BERT, AND GET INTO THE BACK OF OUR CAR AS FAST AS YOU CAN! THAT'S WHERE I TAKE OVER... WITH THIS!
I'D SHOOT HIM MYSELF, BUT I JUST H-HAVEN'T THE NERVE! THANKS FOR VOLUNTEERING? WE'LL DO IT TONIGHT!

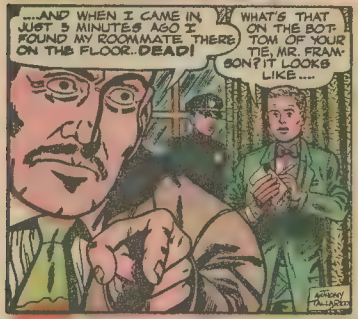

THAT EVENING, TRUE TO HER WORD, CORA LEFT, ALLOWING AN HOUR FOR BERT TO DO HIS WORK, SHE RETURNED TO COMPLETE THE KILLING...
BERT'S PROBABLY IN THE CAR BY NOW.. TIME FOR MY PERFORMANCE! AHH.. HE LEFT THE DOOR OPEN JUST AS I TOLD HIM!
BEN'S WATCH AND CHAIN... MUST'VE DROPPED IT WHEN BERT DRAGGED HIM INTO THE TRUNK! EVERYTHING'S PERFECT! NO MORE BULLYING ..NO MORE HAVING TO LISTEN TO THAT MONSTER! ME AND BERT CAN START LIFE TOGETHER FRESH!
HA HA! LOOK AT HIM TRYING TO BREAK FREE... I'LL BET HE'D SCREAM LIKE A KID IF BERT HADN'T TAPED HIS MOUTH. LIKE I TOLD HIM TOO! SO LONG BIG BAD MAN.

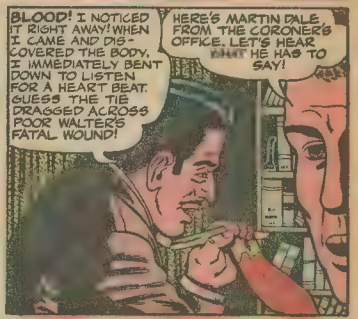
LAWBREAKERS

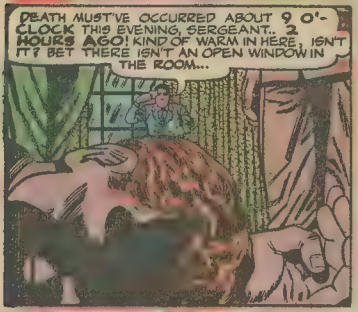

HOW DO YOU LIKE THE SURPRISE WE PREPARED FOR YOU? HA!HA!
PAM! PAM!
ROOM SERVICE? THIS IS MRS. COLLINS. I'M CHECKING OUT, SO WILL YOU KEEP MY TRUNK IN THE STORAGE BASEMENT? I'LL HAVE IT PICKED UP IN A FEW DAYS. YOU'LL BE HERE IN A HALF HOUR? FINE ... AND THANKS!
HURRYING TO THE HOTEL GARAGE, CORA TOLD OF HER SUCCESS TO THE PASSENGER HUDDLED BENEATH A LAP RUG ON THE FLOOR...
I'VE GOT THE WHOLE BANKROLL, BERT... RIGHT HERE IN MY BAG! THAT JERK'LL NEVER HURT US AGAIN!
IT'S SAFE TO COME OUT NOW, DEAR! WITH THIS DOUGH WE CAN MAKE A CLEAN GETAWAY... AND START LIVING! WE'LL....OH, NO!
F-THIS IS CRAZY! I'VE GOT THE MONEY WITH ME... WE'LL SPLIT IT! JUST DON'T PULL THAT TRIGGER... P-PLEASE!
I..I LOVE YOU..I... ARGHHHH!
MAYBE YOU DO... BUT I DON'T SPLIT THAT DOUGH WITH ANY-ONE! SO LONG... DARLING!
BANG!

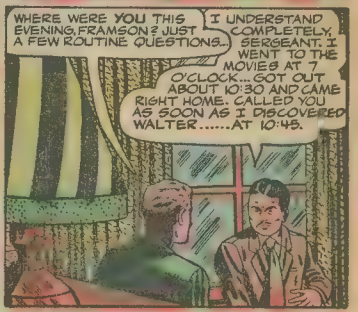
HAS BERT DOUBLE-CROSSED HIS PARTNER-IN-CRIME?.. OR HAS SOMEONE ELSE CUT INTO THE SCHEME? SEND YOUR IDEA OF THE ENDING TO: FAGSLOW-WARLTON PUBLICATIONS, 400 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y. THE BEST SYNOPSIS RECEIVED WILL BE ILLUSTRATED IN AN EARLY ISSUE OF 'LAWBREAKERS SUSPENSE STORIES' THE WINNER WILL GET FULL CREDIT... PLUS $ 10.00 IN CASH!

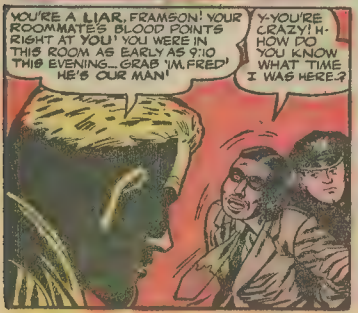
BLOOD WILL TELL!

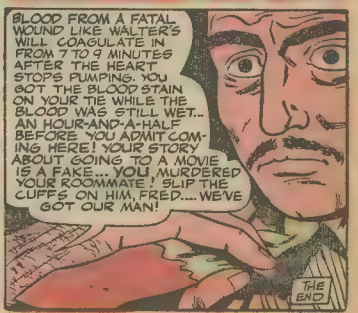

....AND WHEN I CAME IN, JUST 5 MINUTES AGO I FOUND MY ROOMMATE THERE ON THE FLOOR..DEAD!
WHAT'S THAT ON THE BOTTOM OF YOUR TIE, MR. FRAMSON? IT LOOKS LIKE....
ANTHONY TALLARICO


BLOOD! I NOTICED IT RIGHT AWAY! WHEN I CAME AND DISCOVERED THE BODY, I IMMEDIATELY BENT DOWN TO LISTEN FOR A HEART BEAT. GUESS THE TIE DRAGGED ACROSS POOR WALTER'S FATAL WOUND!
HERE'S MARTIN DALE FROM THE CORONER'S OFFICE. LET'S HEAR WHAT HE HAS TO SAY!


DEATH MUST'VE OCCURRED ABOUT 9 O'CLOCK THIS EVENING, SERGEANT.. 2 HOURS AGO! KIND OF WARM IN HERE, ISN'T IT? BET THERE ISN'T AN OPEN WINDOW IN THE ROOM...


WHERE WERE YOU THIS EVENING, FRAMSON? JUST A FEW ROUTINE QUESTIONS..
I UNDERSTAND COMPLETELY, SERGEANT. I WENT TO THE MOVIES AT 7 O'CLOCK, GOT OUT ABOUT 10:30 AND CAME RIGHT HOME. CALLED YOU AS SOON AS I DISCOVERED WALTER.....AT 10:45.


YOU'RE A LIAR, FRAMSON! YOUR ROOMMATE'S BLOOD POINTS RIGHT AT YOU! YOU WERE IN THIS ROOM AS EARLY AS 9:10 THIS EVENING... GRAB 'IM, FRED! HE'S OUR MAN!
Y-YOU'RE CRAZY! H-HOW DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME I WAS HERE..?

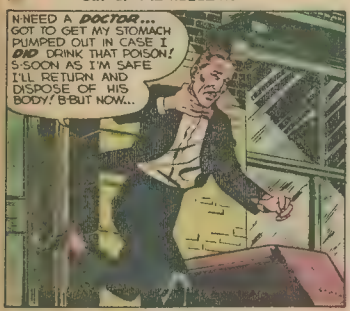

BLOOD FROM A FATAL WOUND LIKE WALTER'S WILL COAGULATE IN FROM 7 TO 9 MINUTES AFTER THE HEART STOPS PUMPING. YOU GOT THE BLOOD STAIN ON YOUR TIE WHILE THE BLOOD WAS STILL WET.. AN HOUR-AND-A-HALF BEFORE YOU ADMIT COMING HERE! YOUR STORY ABOUT GOING TO A MOVIE IS A FAKE... YOU MURDERED YOUR ROOMMATE! SLIP THE CUFFS ON HIM, FRED.... WE'VE GOT OUR MAN!
THE END

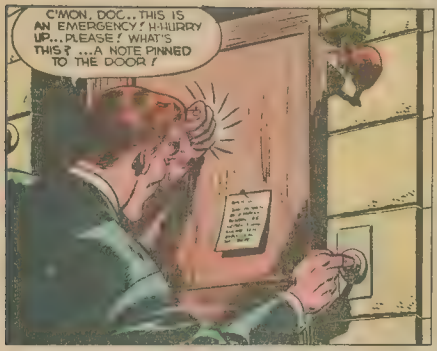
DEAR READER... THANKS FOR THE HUNDREDS OF ANSWERS YOU SENT TO HELP US COMPLETE OUR FOUR-PAGE PUZZLER, **"MURDER ON RYE,"** WHICH RAN IN THE LAST ISSUE OF LAWBREAKERS SUSPENSE. THERE WERE MANY NEAR-HITS AND WE'D LIKE TO BE ABLE TO LIST ALL THE GOOD ANSWERS... BUT SPACE LIMITS US TO THE **ONE** WE THOUGHT BEST. HERE, THEN, IS THE CONCLUSION OFFERED BY RICHARD CAPP, 9 SOUTH FLORIDA AVENUE, ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY. OUR THANKS, RICHARD... YOUR $10 PRIZE IS ON ITS WAY FOR YOUR WINNING ENTRY.

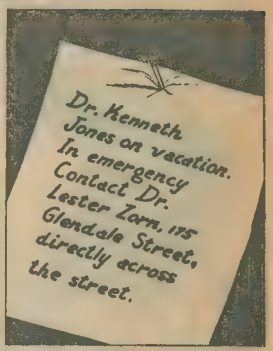
RICHARD CAPP'S SOLUTION TO MURDER ON RYE

HENRY BULLER'S FALSIFIED COMPANY RECORDS HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED BY HIS PARTNER, MARTIN ROGET... WHO IS ACCUSED BY HENRY, IN TURN, OF PLAYING A PART IN A STOCK SWINDLE. THEY AGREE TO FORGET ONE ANOTHER'S CRIMES AND TO MEET THAT NIGHT AT ROGET'S HOUSE. MARTIN PREPARES A POISONED DRINK OF RYE FOR HIS GUEST, BUT HIS SCHEME IS FOILED WHEN HENRY DRAWS A GUN SOON AFTER ENTERING ...AND MURDERS MARTIN. HENRY THEN SWALLOWS HIS DRINK IN TRIUMPH... ONLY TO SEE THE BOTTLE OF POISON USED BY MARTIN ROGET!

FRANTIC WITH FEAR, HENRY BULLER PLUNGED OUT OF THE HOUSE...

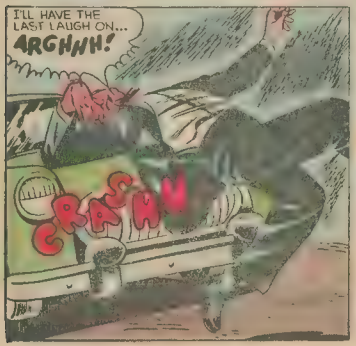

N-NEED A DOCTOR... GOT TO GET MY STOMACH PUMPED OUT IN CASE I DID DRINK THAT POISON! S-SOON AS I'M SAFE I'LL RETURN AND DISPOSE OF HIS BODY! B-BUT NOW...


C'MON, DOC.. THIS IS AN EMERGENCY! HAURRY UP... PLEASE! WHAT'S THIS? ...A NOTE PINNED TO THE DOOR!


Dr. Kenneth Jones on vacation. In emergency Contact Dr. Lester Zorn, 175 Glendale Street, directly across the street.

D-DOCTOR ZORN... ACROSS THE STREET! G-GOT TO SEE HIM.. I'M BURNING UP! C-CAN HARDLY SPEAK..THROAT'S KILLING ME!

O-ONLY A FEW MORE STEPS.. PUMP OUT STOMACH ...SAFE...
SCREECH!


I'LL HAVE THE LAST LAUGH ON... ARGHHH!
CRASH

I SAW THE WHOLE THING FROM MY WINDOW... IT WAS HIS OWN FAULT! KILLED INSTANTLY! I'LL TELL THE POLICE YOU WERE INNOCENT ... I HAVE A FEW MINUTES TILL 10:30. THEN I'M SUPPOSED TO DROP IN AT MARTIN ROGET'S PLACE. HE CALLED ME THIS AFTERNOON. EXPECTED A SICK FRIEND, HE SAID...
T-THANKS DR. ZORN!
THE END

EVEN AS HE STOOD BESIDE THE DREADED GUILLOTINE AWAITING HIS EXECUTION FOR MULTIPLE MURDER, PIERRE FRESNAY PROTECTED HIS REPUTATION AS THE GRUESOME "GIGGLER" BY GAINING...
The LAST LAUGH
DRAWN BY JACK ALDERMAN
IN A PARISIAN PRISON, PIERRE FRESNAY WAS ASKED TO MAKE HIS LAST REQUEST ON THE EVE OF HIS EXECUTION....
WHAT WILL IT BE FRESNAY? A THICK ROAST BEEF... CREPES SUZETTES... VINTAGE WINE?
NONE OF THOSE THINGS, MSIEUR. BRING ME ONLY A BOTTLE OF INK AND A PEN! A SECRET JOKE, YOU SEE!
...AND THAT'S ALL THE IDIOT ASKED FOR! FOR A JOKE, HE SAID!
MORE LIKELY TO POISON HIMSELF, AND CHEAT FRENCH JUSTICE! IN THAT WAY HE PROBABLY THINKS THE LAUGH WILL BE ON US! HE WILL HAVE HIS INK AND PEN....INK MADE OF HARMLESS VEGETABLE DYE AND A PEN WITH A FEATHER POINT! LET HIM MAKE A JOKE OR THAT!
FIFTEEN PEOPLE THIS MONSTER MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD...AND ON EACH BODY HE PINNED A COMIC IDEA! LIKE TO HIM IS SOMETHING TO SNEER AT... THAT'S WHY THE PAPERS CALL HIM THE "GRUESOME GIGGLER" BUT THIS TIME HE'LL BE CHEATED OF THE CHANCE TO SNIRK AT US!
THE NEXT MORNING, AT DAYBREAK, THE STRANGE KILLER MOUNTED THE STEPS TO HIS DEATH....
OFF WITH THE BEARD, PIG! THIS IS NO TIME FOR FRIVOLITY!
YOU ARE PERHAPS A BIT SOLEMN FRESNAY? THE SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE MAKES EVEN YOU FORGET TO LAUGH! THIS IS ONE OCCASION WHEN YOU SHALL NOT LAUGH!!
LET THE BLADE FALL, EXECUTIONER! THIS IS ONE TIME, FRESNAY, WHEN YOU'LL PROBABLY REGRET NOT EATING THAT LAST MEAL, BECAUSE I SPOILED YOUR ATTEMPT TO MAKE A LAUGHING MATTER OF THIS EXECUTION WITH YOUR PEN & INK!
W-WARDEN! L-LOOK.... HIS NECK!
CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE
NO, SO THE "GRUESOME GIGGLER"... EVEN AT THE MOMENT OF HIS EXECUTION HAD HIS LAST LAUGH!

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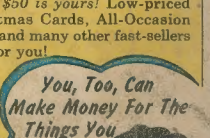

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